NEW YORK, SUNDAY, JULY 26, 1908. - Copyright, 1908, by The Sun Printing and Publishing Association

TOOK THE MOST NEEDED MAN

TROUBLE IN EXTRADITING A TOWN INSTITUTION.

Young Detective From the East Struck Snag When He Went to Get the One Man Who Could Mix Drinks-Helped Out by a Sheriff With Respect for the Law.

"No." said the old detective in response to a remark made by one of the men at the table, "it is not often that a prisoner gets away from a detective once he has him in custody. You may take a different view of it because whenever a prisoner escapes the newspapers tell all about it and it sticks in your mind.

*How about that Bailey fellow who got sway from a sleuth down in Honduras?" said one of the party.

"That's just it," replied the old détective. who was one of Byrnes's men but is retired. You know all about that. But what do you know about the troubles of the detectives who bring their men back under conditions which cause them no end of worry and sharp work? You never hear of that. The istective just lands his prisoner in the home jail and that's the end of it. But if the prisoner slips away there is an awful splurge. And speaking of the Bailey affair you ought to keep in mind that down in that Honduras country is the Fugitives Protective League, and if Bailey had any money he was in good. Anyway, they have a friendly feeling down that way for a brother in trouble.

"I can't call to mind now many cases where prisoners have got away, and I don't think that anybody at this table can. I remember one, and it's some years back. Two detectives brought a prisoner from Pennsylvania and landed him at Police Headquarters in this town. Then they took him down to the Criminal Courts Building, as he had been indicted. He was a little bit of a chap and the meekest thing you ever saw. They had him in a room with half a dozen sleuths standing around. There were probably a hundred policemen in the building. That mild little fellow just slipped out of the room, stepped on an elevator and strolled out of the building. He didn't have to do a bit of running in any part of the play. And they haven't got him yet.

"That's one case. There was a bank cashier who jumped off a steamer coming from South America. The authorities didn't think so much of that. He saved the country the expense of a trial and paid with his death. A couple of fellows have jumped from trains. But when you look up the records you find that not so many have got away-not so many when you take into consideration the number of prisoners who are carted from one end of the country to the other and brought back from foreign countries."

"What trouble is there in helding a prisoner once you get him, when you've got a fine pair of handcuffs and a big gun? said one man to get the old sleuth going. "Easy, easy," said the detective, smiling. 'Let me tell you a story which may bring home to you the point I make. I tell you the detective who pulled this off was a

diplomat and deserved a better job.

For several years one of the best hotels in town had a head bartender who was in town had a head bartender who was a star drink mixer. One day he didn't show up. With him went a bunch of the hotel's money. He left behind a wife and a couple of children. They were in a fix, and the hotel people made a complaint to the police about the loss of the money. Mr. Bartender wasn't in town, but they have that the hot good to Lower Chiffornies. Mr. Bartender wasn't in town, but they learned that he had gone to Lower California, thence to Portland, Ore., and around to a town not far from Yellowstone Parkwell call the town Cody, because it's named after Buffalo Bill, and you'll remember it. On the way the young man had picked up an affinity.

"Having learned all this it was decided to bring the young man back on the charge.

Having learned all this it was decided to bring the young man back on the charge that he had abandoned his wife. Cody is a long way from the Bowery, but a young detective was sent westward to bring the fugitive back. In some way the authorities here got an intimation that it might not be an easy job to get the fugitive to return.

This young sleuth had not been west of the Rockies before, and when he landed at Cody after a tiresome railroad journey he were a nice blue some suit and a straw hat. As he stopped off the train he ran into a real snowstorm, and when it was over

good to him. Also the young detective didn't make much of an impression on the six foot three Western sheriff.

six foot three Western sheriff.

Politely and quietly the young Eastcruer explained his errand. The Sheriff's
eyes began to bulge. Then they began to
close, snarp and tight like. The boy from
the East realized that something had gone
wrong, but he couldn't understand just
what. The Sheriff swept his hat off his
head and slapped it over the young man's
shoulder.

shoulder.

You don't mean you have got to do
it, said the Sheriff. The detective suid he
didn't see that there was anything else for
him to do, but he would like to know what him to do, but he would like to know what worried the sheriff so much. 'It's tough,' said the Sheriff, 'but I'm an officer and I'll stand by you and do all I can to help you, but you've got to be very careful. So we've got to lose Bill (that was the bartender's name). What will I do now for my Morning Glory cocktail? And the rest of the hove!

Morning Glory cocktail? And the the boys!

"Let me tell you, young man,' said the Sheriff, looking straight at the young sleuth, 'that if it ever gets around this town that you are here to take Bill back East you'll never get away. They'll hide Bill from an army, if they find out that anybody is looking for him.

looking for him.
"Bill must be something of a citizen."

"Bill must be something of a citizen," said the sleuth, puzzled.
"Something of a citizen," said the Sheriff.
He's the biggest man in the town. He's bigger than the Mayor. I don't know how we'll live without him. Let me tell you. He bosses things down at the club. Everybody worth while belongs to the club. Before Bill came the club wasn't such a great place. But now it is sure the one real popular place in town.

Before Bill came the club wasn't such a great place. But now it is sure the one real popular place in town.

'This town, a blooming garden of the West,' continued the Sheriff, 'had never been blesse! with a man who knew how to mix a drink. We took everything straight before that. And then came Bill. Say, he's a wonder. There was the star cocktail, the Mamie Taylor, absinthe frappé, the squeeze, a silver fizz—I like 'em—a pick me up, and all the rest. We'd never had 'em before. You don't know what life was out here before Bill came. Can you understand why it won't be good for you if the hatives get next what you are here for?

"The Easterner thought he understood. He and the Sheriff agreed on a plan of action. The detective went down to the libtel and registered, taking a name that was not his own. Then he wandered around the town. Bill the bartender was at some sort of mineral springs about twenty miles away having an attack of rheumatism. The Sheriff jumped the Eastern boy on the back of a horse and rode him forty miles to the Circuit Judge, where the proper papers for the extradition of Bill were fixed up. Then they rode back and it took the stall. But it was all right. Bill's attack of

But it was all right. Bill's attack of that they would wait until he was in shape to hobble around. That came about two days later. Then the Sheriff and the elective rode over to the springs the time in a buckboard. The detective introduced himself to Bill and told him what was up. Then he handed out this talk:

"You're well liked here and I don't want to make it uncomfortable for you. In fact I want to make it easy for you. I won't say who I am and you can tell your friends that you've been called East hurriedly on business—mother or father dead, something like that I'll so with you."

"Bill fell for it. He went back to Cody and the tip was passed around about Bill having to take a trip back East. Bill got a lot of sympathy. A delegation escorted having to take a trip back East. Bill got a lot of sympathy. A delegation escorted him to the train and between saying farewells entreafed him to hurry back. He said he would, nice like. The sleuth and Bill got on the train. Bill took a seat opposite the detective. They were supposed to be strangers, but that was fixed up before the train left the station A distinguished looking person got on the train and took the seat next to Bill. He shook hands with him effusively. It seems that he,had been a candidate for Governor once and everybody called him Governor. While they were chatting a drotter came aboard.

he had been a candidate for Governor once and everybody called him Governor. While they were chatting a doctor came aboard. He took the seat next to the detective. He and the detective were members of the same fraternity and they had met in Cody, so the doctor gave the alouth the hello. Of course he knew Bill and the Governor. To make things chummy like he introduced the detective to them. That made things kind o' nice all around, but that night the sleuth, who was young but wise, once having been a bicycle performer in a variety theatre, saw to it that he and Bill had the same berth.

theatre, saw to it that he and Bill had the same berth.

"At Lincoln, Neb., the W. J. B. town, the doctor and the Governor left the train. After that the sleuth began to feel easier. He didn't feel just right, however until he landed his man in a cell here.

"Things went all right for Bill after that. Friends settled the deficit in the hotel account and he pleaded guilty to the abandonment charge. As he promised to look after his wife and children he got off with a suspended sentence."

his wife and children he got on whith a suppended sentence."
"Did Bill go back to Cody?" asked the man who wanted to know the whole thing.
"Did Bill go back to Cody?" repeated the old detective. "Well, he's running one of the big hotels in the Northwest. I didn't say it was Cody, did I?"

TRIALS FOR SHEEP DOGS. Tests of Skill in Driving Along a Course and Penning in Shortest Time.

In fellside villages, where events are "few and far between," the local sheep dog trial stands out, a prominent landmark, in the long, laborious year. It occurs in summer, says the Pall Mall Gazette, when even Westmorland weather has its clemen and sunshiny moods, and on the appointed day away we all go-men, women and children-to the wide upland pasture, not with any appearance of undue haste, as the love of excitement increases with gratification and a town man will often walk ten miles to see the sight which would not move a dweller in the country as many vards.

The sheep dog of the north cannot be called a beautiful creature. Short haired, rough coated, with lean, restless body, he bears little likeness to his distinguished relative, the Scotch collie. But his eyes shine with wistful intelligence, and nowhere in the world are man and beast more indissolubly one than among the fells of Westmorland. His faithful friend accompanies the farmer everywhere; to market, to auction mart and round the fields in the peaceful idleness of Sunday morning. Small wonder that between the two arises the bond of a perfect comprehension and master and servant understand one another without the aid of words.

The course at the dog trial to-day, as always, is 200 yards long, clearly marked with flags, beyond which the sheep must not be allowed to stray. Obstacles have been put in the shape of open gateways or of flags and posts; and the dog's duty is ive his three charges be or else to guide them outside to the right or the left, as the rules direct. The judges take their places in the middle of the course and the owner of the first competitor stands near the pen of hurdles erected at the far end. A rope is passed round his arm and secured to one of them, to make sure that

near the pen of hurdles erected at the far end. A rope is passed round his arm and secured to one of them, to make sure that he does not venture out of bounds in order to assist his dog, for it is beast wisdom and not human wisdom that is now to be appraised and glorified.

Sheep have been lent by a farmer who has not entered for the trial, each one of the trio a member of a different flock, and a fresh lot is supplied to a new candidate. A flag is waved and the dog drives them from the starting point while the crowd, hardly warmed up, watches him critically to see how he "frames." The first competitor is cautious and well up to his work. He proceeds quietly, taking care not to harry and persecute the timid creatures, but directs them in a masterly manner round and between the flags with evident if dignified enjoyment of his task. His owner is only allowed to guide him by whistling or by waving a stick, and the wise animal obeys the mute orders with uncanny comprehension. How much patience, how many hours of companionship have led to this perfect understanding between man and beast the uninitiated stranger can only conjecture.

Grizzleface scarcely succeeds as well at the final act of the trial, the important operation of penning, at which his master is allowed to assist. The dog's duty consists in driving the sheep into the pen of hurdles, while the man secures them by putting up a fourth as gate. In this instance the sheep turn on the dog, stamping their tiny round feet, and it is only after many blandishments that they consent to "walk into my parlor." A time limit is of course fixed, five minutes for the course and flurnied and drives his sheep to the wrong side of the course. The sight of his master's face makes him pause in indecision, when the tethered one waves his stick frantically and at last in defiance of rules bursts out in a mild expostulation.

"Noo, laddie, what be ye a heein'?"

My friend the farmer chuckles.

"What's th' use, mon! That bain't the language t'dorg gits at yam."

"Ya, and a gay g

neighbor.
"T'lari 'un" is a slim black tyke with a "T'larl 'un" is a slim black tyke with a streak of white down his muzzle. He is a dog of infinite self-possession and walks slowly past the heads of the sheep without even glancing at them, though mysteriously they always turn in the direction he desires. When every obstacle in the course has been successfully passed he has an extra minute left for penning, and this critical business is performed with the ease of a king of his craft. He must be well within time as his master puts up the hurdles, the latter doing his part so badly that the sheep nearly escape, for the man is obviously much more agitated than the beast. A deep northern "Hurray!" greets the return of the victor, but he remains the image of bored indifference and does not even wag his tail.

his tail.

When all is over the prises, silver goods to be kept for generations in the farmhouses, are presented, while the lads and lassies prese round to pat the successful degs, the true herces of the day, who have striven and triumphed for the sake of glory alons

MT. PELEE SIX YEARS AFTER

DR. HOVEY CAMPED FIVE DAYS AT THE CRATER'S RIM.

Little Effort to Clear Up the Devastated City of St. Pierre-Martinique in No Seeming Danger of Another Eruption Increased Prosperity of St. Vincent.

Dr. Edmund Otis Hovey, assistant curator of the geological department of the American Museum of Natural History, got back to this city on Wednesday on the Guiana of the Quebec Line from a three months tour of investigation of the volcanoes of the West Indies. He was one of the first scientists to arrive at Martinique after the eruption of Mont Pelée in May 1902, when 26,000 residents of St. Pierre were killed. A year later he went again to Martinique to study the great dome and spine pushed up in the midst of the crater of Mont Pelée. His trip this year was further to investigate the conditions in Martinique and in the island of St. Vincent and to determine what changes had taken place in the intervening five years.

Mrs. Hovey accompanied her husband and together they camped on the edge of the orater of Mont Pelée for five days. She was the first woman to spend a night on the mountain since its eruption. When questioned concerning the results of his

trip Dr. Hovey said: We arrived at Fort de France, the capital of Martinique, on April 27. From there we went by steamer to Le Carbet, a village about two miles south of St. Pierre, and were taken in a cance from that point to

the ruined city.

"At St. Pierre I found many changes since my last visit there five years ago. The town boasts at present a blacksmith shop, a police station that occupies the former bank site and a modest hotel with accommodations for two guests. The city was even hotter than it was in its days of prosperity, when it was known as one of

"I found that the Rue Victor Hugo, one of the principal streets of the ruined city. had been partially cleared of ash to allow the sugar planters to reach the new pier recently built near the site of the lighthouse on Place Bertin. Regular steamboat service was established with Fort de France

"There were not many other signs of a clearing up of the city and the place looked more like a ruin of a hundred years ago than anything else. A few of the houses have been cleared away in a search for valuables, but everywhere grass and weeds have sprung up, and most of the walls standng when I was there five years ago have

"Our first camp was pitched about 1.000 feet above the sea. Water had to be brought from a point four miles away and we used alcohol for fuel, but we were near some vents which constantly emitted steam and heat, and these we used to some extent to cook over. They almost equalled a gas range for efficiency and were considerably

more economical.

"Our next camp was pitched on the top of the mountain within 150 feet of the crater, which we found still active, and about 4,000 feet above sea level. For five days and nights we remained there investigating the cone and photographing it.

"I found that the cone of Mont Pelée, which rose up 1,000 feet above the mountain when I was there in April, 1903, had been broken off and a new cone formed some 500 feet lower. On the cone were hundreds of vents or fumeroles out of which steam poured and where the temperawhich steam poured and where the tempera-ture registered about 1,000 degrees Fahren-heit. As far as known no ash has been thrown out from these vents in the last

thrown out from these vents in the last three years.

"There was considerable danger attending climbing the new cone, for it rises with a slope of about 37 degrees and is practically covered with loose rocks, making walking very insecure. As one reaches the top the wind also blows a gale, making it extremely dangerous to stand.

"The eastern side of Mont Pelée I found much grown over since my last visit. Sugar is being raised in the surrounding country again.

again.
"The volcano has been steadily decreasing in activity since the last big explosion in 1902, and there seems to be very little fear of another outbreak. In case of another eruption it would be likely to occur, it would seem, from the western side of the cone."

the cone."

After breaking camp on Mont Pelée Dr. and Mrs. Hovey left for the island of St. Vincent, where the volcano La Soufrière was also in eruption at the time of the Pelée outbreak. Dr. Hovey found that St. Vincent volcano quiet and peaceful "The crater of this volcano," said Dr. Hovey, "is the largest and deepest in the West Indies, being nine-tenths of a mile wide and one-third of a mile deep with a lake in the bottom one-fourth of a mile across. The sides are extremely precipitous and the water of the lake a peculiar yellow-

across. The sides are extremely precipitous and the water of the lake a peculiar yellow-

and the water of the lake a peculiar yellowish green, attributed by some to a fine sulphur deposit.

"Mrs. Hovey and I made our first ascent to the rim of the crater, 3,013 feet up, in three hours. Part of the way it was similar to walking the ridge pole of a roof, for the path in places was scarcely six inches wide. In places quantities of loose stones made the travelling treacherous, but after we had ascended 2,000 feet we found good foothold.

"As far as the devastated area is concerned I found that on the eastern slope of the mountain there were signs everywhere of efforts to put this land under cultivation. The greatest difficulty that where of efforts to put this land under cultivation. The greatest difficulty that the planters here are experiencing is the lack of an adequate water supply. The English Government has come forward and is helping out by bearing part of the expense of running water from Mount Bris-bane to the five plantations now under culti-

"On the western slope of the mountain "On the western slope of the mountain no attempt has been made to work again the devastated plantations because of the baked condition of the soil. Altogether the island of St. Vincent seems to be in a more prosperous condition than before the outburst of Soufrière, but this is not a result of the disturbance but rather due to the increased cultivation of cotton there.

"As far as any danger of another outbreak at Soufrière is concerned at present there is no sign of any activity and the old volcano seems to be taking a nap again."

From Suburban Life. Fire insurance men estimate that 40 per ent. of barn fires are due to lightning, 10 to 15 per cent. to carelessness, 8 to 12 per cent. to overheated flues, the balance to other causes, including incendiarism. According to the report of the weather bureau cording to the report of the weather bureau of the Department of Agriculture for 1900, the total number of strokes of lightning in 1899 which caused damage was \$,527, the number of buildings injured 6,256, value of property lost \$5,016,520, number of deaths by lightning 563, number of persons injured 820, number of live stock killed in the field 4,251.

Tall chimneys emitting smoke that carries moisture with it are more often struck than other objects, barns containing hay that gives off moisture by evaporation, and porous tree barks are frequently struck. For the same reason lochouses are more attractive to lightning than other storehouses.

COLD WATER WEDDINGS.

A Marriago Ceremony Consisting of Wash-ing the Head.

Marriage among the Hopi, a tribe of the Pueblo Indians, is an institution regarding which those most concerned have least to say. When the parents of a girl find t expedient for her to get married, they ook up an available man and negotiate with his parents.

After the matter has been arranged the principals are notified, the girl goes to the home of the bridegroom's parents and grinds corn for them for three weeks, while the bridegroom makes a kind of sash for the bride. Then one morning at sunrise they both bathe their heads in cold water. which completes the ceremony.

There have been instances of the bridegroom refusing to go through the performance, says a writer in Outing. It has then proceeded without him and been accounted valid, and several weeks later he has yielded and had his head bathed. The Navajo ceremony is much more

elaborate and impressive, but then the Navajo girls are much nicer. The regular tariff on a Navajo girl entering the port of matrimony for the first time is twelve horses. On the second occasion the tax is nine horses, while subsequent marriages are free.

This is not purchase money, but is merely This is not purchase money, but is merely a tribute of respect to a mother-in-law and a token of appreciation of the care and expense involved in bearing and rearing the lady, a recognition not unworthy of consideration by civilized bridegrooms. On the other hand, and deserving of great condemnation, is that law of many tribes, unwritten but of much sanctity, that a man and his mother-in-law shall never meet after the ceremony.

TIN CAN CLUBS.

Their Mission Is to Supply the Demand for New Forests.

B. H. Green of Monterey, Cal., has sent out a circular giving information regarding the Tin Can clubs through whose beneficent activities he expects to see the country supplied with needed forests.

The attempts to cultivate tree claims in the Dakotas many years ago were rather discouraging, says the National Magazine but Mr. Green insists that he has been successful in planting tree seeds, nuts and cuttings in refuse tin cans, and can now show an oak tree twenty feet high only eight years of age and also a redwood tree, grown from seed, which is now fully thirty feet high and only twelve years of

thirty feet high and only twelve years or age.

Mr. Green insists that a tomato can with a fair sized hole punched in the bottom and filled with good earth is just the thing needed to start a tree in and that if the earth is never allowed to become dry the growth of the young tree will be amazing. Later the little trees are transplanted without removing from the cans, for the rust eats away the can sufficiently to allow the roots to free themselves as they need more room.

RARE WASHINGTON RELIC. Only One Known to Exist of Six Medaliton Made for Lafayette.

Mrs. F. Luis Mora of this city owns Washington relic which, so far as is known, is the only one of its kind in existence. It is one of six medallions which were made to order for Gen. Lafayette.

Before Lafayette took leave of the office

of his staff, says the Circle, he had these medallions made in Paris and presented them to the six officers immediately under him. The five others have disappeared and may have been destroyed.

The one in Mrs. Mora's possession is made of cut glass bound by a heavy rim of solid gold, to which is attached a gold ring by which it may be suspended. Between the

by which it may be suspended. Between the two layers of glass is a beautifully modelled head of Washington in plaster, silvered. On the reverse is the inscription "Desprez Rue des Récolets No. 2, à Paris Wasington. Note the omission of the letter "h" in Washington.

ington.

The medallion came into Mrs. Mora's possession through her great-grandfather, Lewis Compton, to whom it was presented soon after the Revolutionary war.

The Rothschilds Way.

From the New Orleans Picavune. A New Orleans man said the other day of the great house of the Rothschilds. "The Rothschilds push their strictness o the point of eccentricity. They once had for agent here in New Orleans a fine fellow

for agent here in New Orleans a fine fellow. They telegraphed to this agent at a certain season to sell their cotton holdings, but he knew the price would go higher and therefore he didn't sell till four days later. In consequence he netted an extra profit of \$40,000 to his firm.

"When he sent the Rothschilds the money and told them joyously what he had done they returned the whole amount, with a cold note that said.

"The \$40,000 you made by disobeying our instructions is not ours, but yours. Take it. Mr. Blank, your successor, sais for New Orleans to-day."

BROOKLYN ADVERTISEMENTS.

Last Week July Bargains.

\$5 Monthly Until Paid. Including Stool, Cover and one year's Tuning free; also 25 Sheets

DELIVERED ON FIRST PAYMENT. SPECIAL BARGAIN **\$250** PLAYER **PIANO** \$50 HAINES BROS. \$3 Monthly Paid

60 LINDEMANN 80 CHICKERING 3 Monthly Until Pald 4 Monthly Until Pald 95 STEINWAY 4 Monthly
Until Pald
Monthly
Until Pald
Monthly
Until Pald
Monthly
Until Pald 125 GABLER 140 FISCHER 155 JACOB BROS. 165 KONLER & CO. Monthly
Until Paid
Monthly
Until Paid
Monthly
Until Paid
Until Paid 180 WESER 190 PRESTON PIANOS \$3 MONTHLY

81 Court, cor. Livingston St. One Block from Borough Hall, Brooklyn Open Evenings. "Phone 350 Main.

PREDERICK LOESER & CO.

BROOKLYN ADVERTISEMENTS.

FREDERICK LOESER & CO.

The Subway to Hoyt

Street Brings the Loeser

Store Within 17 Minutes

of Forty-second Street.

In every detail the Leading Retail Establishment of Brooklyn

Store Closes at 5 P. M.

Saturdays at Noon.

With New Features Added To-morrow This Greatest Furniture Sale

Is Unrivaled in Volume, Character and Values.

THE WONDERFUL PUBLIC ENTHUSIASM shown in the past week, the fact that despite general complaint of dullness this Furniture Sale is making a new record, is enough proof that the Loeser Furniture is once more a big, helpful economy event. A critical examination of the Furniture—its variety, its artistic merit, and, above all, its high grade of wood and workmanship—invariably increase the enthusiasm that the low prices arouse. In addition to the quarter million dollar stock that at much reduced prices makes up the bulk of the Sale, a special and unusual purchase made it possible to offer

\$75,000 in New Furniture for Half Price.

We had our pick from the factory and warerooms of F. Mohr & Co.—for many years known for a very high grade of Furniture. What we chose is new—in many instances finished to our order. There is Furniture for library, dining room, living room and bedroom, all in harmony and all at HALF PRICE. It is the first time, we believe, that such an offering was ever made. Here are some of the details:

Parlor Suites.

Bedroom Suites.

panne panne piece Suite. Dresser and Chiffonier and Dressing Table.

Sile. regularly \$250. Mahogany two piece Suite. covered with damask. Sile. regularly \$240. Mahogany two and Dressing Table.

Sile. regularly \$250. Mahogany two and Dressing Table.

Sile

Davenports.

sso, regularly sso. Mahogany three two piece Suite—Dresser and Chirfonier.

Sec. 183. Mahogany frame, covered with velour. Mahogany frame, covered with velour. Mahogany frame, covered with velour.

Brass and Iron Bedsteads and Bedding At Record Prices: A Great New Feature.

\$23 Brass Bedsteads at \$11.50.

The greatest brass Bedstead ever offered for anything near the price, we believe. It is a handsome Colonial design. It is splendidly made in every detail. It cannot be manufactured for as little as \$11.50. Two inch pillars, large filling rods, polished finish. Sizes 3 feet, 3½ feet, 4 feet and 4½ feet, all at the same price. None to dealers.

\$36 Brass Bedsteads at \$21.75.

Two inch pillars and continuous bent top tubing, fancy spindles, cross rod and ornamental laterals, polished brass finish; sizes 3 feet, 3 feet 6, 4 feet and 4 feet 6.

\$20 Library Tables at \$14.75.

Golden oak and mahogany finish, with drawer and shelf, fancy shaped legs, claw feet, 28x42 inch top.

Two inch pillars and continuous bent top tubing,

large filling rods, polished brass finish, sizes 3 feet, 3 feet 6, 4 feet and 4 feet 6.

\$45 Brass Bedsteads at \$29.75.

\$16 Library Rockers and Chairs at \$9.65. Mahogany finished frames, upholstered seat and back, covered to your order with velour or tapestry.

\$25 to \$38 Tailored Suits, \$9.98. Field Day in Women's Summer Wear.

MAGINE GETTING A LACE TRIMMED LINEN SUIT so advanced in style as to show the Direct are fashion —AND PAY LESS THAN TEN DOLLARS! That astonishing offering is now made for to-morrow. There are 130 of the Suits from one of Manhattan's best makers and all of them are new and fresh as well as being

in most attractive styles.

Of lightweight linens in plain and striped effects; the coats richly trinvned with lace insertions and made in modification of the Direc sire fashion with semi-fitted front and open back. Full side plaited skirts with wide bias band around the bottom. None sent C. O. D. or credited.

300 Jumper Dresses at 98c. Each.
Of striped and dotted lawns, full jumper waist with Mikado
eves finished at armhole, on neck, sleeves and skirt with fold
white lawn, neatly stitched. Full plaited skirt.

Jumper Dresses at \$1.98. Of white lawns, in plain and fancy effects; some are plaited; others have combination border effects, and still others with piping. Skirts are generously full, finished with bias or combination folds around bottom. Second Floor. None Sent C. O. D., Credited or on Approval.

\$1 and \$1.25 Parasols at 69c. WHITE LINON PARASOLS of a character and quality that would impress you as extra value (1)

that would impress you as extra value if the price was \$1 or \$1.25. At 69c. apiece they are little short Most of the white linon with edgings and insertions of good Swiss embroidery. A few of other materials in dark colors. Excellent natural wood handles.

SPECIAL NOTE—All through the Parasol stock—because this is clearance time—you will find reductions of 25 per cent, to 40 per cent.

Main Floor, Bond Street. None C. O. D. EVERY YARD OF THE SPLENDID BLACK PONGESS which we had last week went at once

which we had last week went at once. It was the best offering of the kind we had ever shown. Now we have 1,250 yards more - and we get them to sell at the same price, only because they have imperfec-tions in dyeing and finishing—hurts that are insignificant, yet that would not pass the inspectors. None sent C. O. D.

59c. Check and Stripe Louisine Silks at 83c. 36 Inch White Washable Habutal at 38c. 81 All Silk 27 Inch Beagh Ponges at 88c. 81 Quaranteed 32 Inch Black Taffeta at 59c.

All Men's Fancy Summer Suits

At Half. \$6.25 to \$17.50. Originally \$12.50 to \$35.

CARLIER PRICES in our own stock were just twice the prices at which you may buy summer Suits to-morrow. There are two and three garment styles in wide variety. They are cool. They are exceedingly well made. They represent the very best class of men's summer clothing—the Loeser class.

And we cut the price to half now in the regular clearance—a clearance that comes earlier this season than usual in order to increase the wear time. Styles and sizes for everybody—including many Suits for young men of 15 to 18 years. But of course not every size in each particular style. Main Floor, Elm Place.

49c. to \$4 Valenciennes Laces, 19c. to 69c.

TWELVE THOUSAND DOZEN YARDS was the surplus of one of the chief lace importers in America-and to-morrow these laces will be here for perhaps the smallest prices that such pretty Valenciennes ever cost They are not the ordinary Vals.—always to be found in the market at small prices. These are the most attractive of French patterns and perfect in workmanship. The meshes and patterns are fine and even, and the designs will commend themselves to most critical tastes.

Ready to-morrow at 190, to 690, a dozen yards.

Main Floor, Center. None C. O. D.

\$8.50 Shirvan Mats at \$6.75.

THE SPECIAL HOME FURNISHING OFFERINGS of the summer have several groups of under price Oriental Rugs added to them now. These pretty Shirvan Mats are about 2½x3 feet in size and most attractive for doorways and odd space

616.50 to 823.50 Shirvans at 89.50 to 614.50. 816.50 to 885 Kazaks at 611.75 to 828.50. \$25 Axminster 9x12 Ft. Rugs at \$10.50. \$22.50 Axminster S\(x10\) Ft. Rugs at \$18.50. \$89.50 Royal Wilton 9x12 Ft. Rugs at \$81.50. \$53.50 Royal Wilton 10%x12 Ft. Bugs at \$89.50.

Better Waist News Than Ever.

Thousands of New Arrivals

WEEK AFTER WEEK THE WAIST STORE has been climbing higher and higher in its record of values offered. Tens of thousands of pretty waists have been distributed at prices far less than their worth—often at less than the worth of the materials by the yard. The best makers in the country have come to count Loeser's the quickest distributers for their stocks.

Again to-morrow the past records are excelled. Thousands of fresh Waists are added to the stocks. They are without exception dainty, well made, refined and likable in style. And the prices are astonishing.

Record Values. 75c. White Lawn and Peter Pan Waists at 29c.

\$1.50 to \$3.50 Lingerie and Lawn Waists at 98c. 83 Net Walsts, batiste lined, at 98c. \$2.25 China Silk Waists at 98c. 84 to 86 Silk Waists at \$1.98.

83 to 85 Lingerie Waists at \$1.98. \$2.25 "Marquise" Waists at 98c. \$2.75 "Marquise" Waists at \$1.59.